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## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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### LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### MY NAME IS WRITTEN THERE.

BY EUGENIA H. PARKER.

'Tis my name is written there,  
Led on by a needful, twinkling star;  
And I read upon her shining brow  
My own name written there.

I see the radiant gem arise,  
The best of all the jeweled night,  
And she bears my name to gleaming skies,  
Then shines in boundless light.

I trace the last slow waning ray  
Of twilight's lingering, trustful prayer;  
Just a whispered note comes to say,  
"My soul feels something there."

And every day that passes by  
With chasing hours of hope and care,  
Whether good or ill my hands employ,  
I leave a lesson there.

The various blooms that deck the world—  
Have glancing in transient beauty rare—  
In their fading grace fondly inhaled,  
My name is cherished there.

When love to love has thrilled the soul,  
When friendship has clasped the warm, true hand,  
In the deep impress of changes untold,  
My broken sighs there stand.

A faith from fables not quite unknown,  
Where death hangs now a ghastly veil,  
Unshaken comes in love's sweet tone  
My voice from Heaven's impulse.

To Nature's law that never fails—  
The soul's best light from ether given—  
To the music chanting Life's watchful value,  
My humble self is given.

The Book of Life that open lies—  
"Mid human thoughts its pages bear,  
And the lights and shadows that time implies—  
My name is spoken there.

'Many angel hands from distant lands,  
Where blessed hearts my questions ask,  
In my lonely hours it seems truth to me,  
They call my name up there.

Boston, N. Y., June 24, 1880.

### MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

#### MEAT BREAD.

A Paris correspondent writes—Did you know that bread is not only eaten, but eaten? Darwin has told us that some flowers enjoy a porter-house steak. Now M. Meheurer Kestner assures us bread has a duck's partiality for hogs and lambs. The discovery is interesting to dyspeptics, for bread can be made to do the work of the alimentary canal and relieve dyspeptics of all bother except mere deglutition—and of course, paying the baker's bill, which is harder work than digestion. Science has also found that several vegetable juices, or saps, dissolve meat, but M. Meheurer Kestner is the first person who observed that in the process of bread-making a peculiar fermentation takes place which produces complete digestion of meat. A beefsteak hashed fine and mixed with dough containing yeast disappears entirely by the time the bread is taken from the oven. The steak's nutritive principles are dissolved and incorporated into the bread. Not the least curious phenomenon noticed in these circumstances is that meat, which so rapidly becomes putrid, when once incorporated into bread, may be kept longer than ordinary bread. Bread made in 1873, has been shown in the Academy of Science; it was as sweet and free from mould as when it came out of the oven.

At first M. Meheurer Kestner used raw meat; he mixed one and one-tenth pounds of flour, one pound of lard and three-fourths of a pound of raw beef minced fine; water in sufficient quantity was added, and the dough was left to ferment. In two or three hours the meat had disappeared. The bread was then baked as usual. This meat bread had a disagreeable, sour taste. To remove it, M. Meheurer Kestner first boiled the meat in just the quantity of water necessary to wet the flour, and used this water in kneading. The meat should be rid of all fat, and only salt enough to season the bread

added; for if too much salt be added, the bread will become hard (salt being a great absorber of water) and spoil. The objection to this bread is that it is insipid. If lard be used instead of beef, the objection is removed. Veal, too, makes a delicious meat bread. All these may be used to make soup. Cut in slices one-half of a pound of this bread, put the slices in a quart of water, salt to taste and boil for twenty minutes.

[For the "Voice of Angels,"]

#### A CHAPTER OF STARTLING INCIDENTS.

SPIRIT PROPHECY, HAUNTED HOUSES, ETC.

[CONTINUED.]

Now comes the time-honored tale of a haunted house. It began in the usual way—strange noises as of heavy steps being heard from time to time, especially upon the stairs leading from the pantry to the underground room. This room, I may as well here remark, was accessible from the outside only through a stout oaken door, and this was always kept securely bolted, and furthermore strengthened by a heavy plank fastened diagonally across. Mr H—— testified to hearing these steps upon several occasions, not only upon the stairway, but in the room where they slept, and by the bed-side. Upon striking a light, nothing could be seen, and the doors would be found shut as before retiring.

As my companion and I had never been disturbed as yet, we were disposed to treat the matter lightly, often rallying our friends upon their courage; hinting sagely at the freaks of an excited imagination, in conjunction with those convenient little animals for getting up a mystery, the rats, wind, etc. But one night, having retired much later than usual, after a lively evening, we were still, striving to compose ourselves to rest, when suddenly, in the midst of our pleasant fancies, broke that heavy tread, coming slowly up the cellar stairs. There was no mistaking the sound; it was as plain and distinct as could have been produced by the real cowhide. It came slowly through the pantry into the large room beyond, making two



or three circuits around it, and once actually stopping at our very door, as though about to enter.

I am fain to confess, for my own part, my vaunted courage was by this time in a state of distressed collapse, and I considered myself as pretty thoroughly converted to the ghost theory. But not a whisper passed between us, each supposing the other to be asleep, and the ghostly boots again descended into the cellar, where the sound changed to a hurried, nervous tread across what seemed a hard-packed earthen floor, though in reality it was laid with good oak plank; and coming back, a heavy board would be thrown at the foot of the stairway; and this sound was kept up without cessation until the gray of morning, when it gradually died away.

At the breakfast table, we compared notes. All had heard the same sounds, and in the same manner; but each had supposed himself the only listener. However, we determined if another visitation should occur, to investigate the whole matter. We would walk boldly out, and demand an explanation, and the cellar should be thoroughly searched. We wondered why we had been so childishly alarmed, and we verily believed if our ghostly visitor should put in a second appearance, he would be more creditably entertained.

And come again he did, with new and startling variations of the same performance. But his reception was more faint-hearted than ever.

We sat up late that night, strengthening each other with heroic assertions, and finally retired, leaving the lamp burning. The time was fast verging toward midnight, the regular orthodox appointment for unhallowed spooks. But while we listened, inwardly quaking in view of that dreadful step upon the stairs, came instead a sudden crash from below, as though the oaken door had been burst in by some overwhelming force. Viola and I clung to each other, shivering with affright, and again that incomprehensible, blood-curdling horror seemed to seize and hold every faculty in its icy grasp, as we heard once more that heavy, solemn step traversing the pantry and the room beyond.

As to rising and confronting that dread, invisible presence, with our impudent demands, we would almost as soon have bearded the lion in his den, in its most literal sense. All our brave resolutions were weak as water, and his ghostship had matters all his own way.

All at once commenced a rattling, scurrying sound, impossible to describe, accompanied by the jingle and crash of earthen ware in the pantry—kettles, tin pans, silver spoons, and china included. Then a horrible hissing sound, as of some heavy body dragged across the floor, to the head of the stairway; then a short pause, during which we heard three deep, awful groans, the last ending in a sort of gurgling gasp, and the body commenced to descend, falling with a dull thud from one step to another, until it reached the bottom. After that, the plank-carrying operation was resumed and continued as before until dawn.

Again we compared notes with the same result. Mr. and Mrs. S—— testified that they had seen nothing in the lighted room, though

the sound had been almost at their bedside. The mysterious *it* was invisible.

A thorough search in the cellar with pick-axes and spades revealed no clue; and whatever may have been the dread tragedy enacted there, the walls alone hold the secret.

SARAH E. PALMER.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## THE REVIEWER.

STORY'S SUBSTANTIALISM.

[CONTINUED.]

THE fact that the embryo, when brought into nutrient relations with the organs of general and special sense that make up the maternal organism, builds up, as its media of intercourse with the outer world, corresponding organs of general and special sense, by absorbing its tangible, rapid, odorous, luminous, and sonorous essences, which, when molded by transmission through the maternal organs respectively, become temporarily staticized as its spinal, alimentary, lymphatic, bronchio-sanguiferous, and cephalic systems of circulation, is the author's license for assuming that our world, and our sphere and every preceding parent sphere, have built up their respective inter-organisms as media of intercourse with more and more embracing spheres, and more and more refined planes of sensible expression and sense perception. Thence for assuming that the empyreal fluids of the sympathetic nerves subjacent to the alimentary canal sustain the same relation to the myriad forms of life within its "sails and waters" that the negative or plus condensed electric fluids below its surface do to the myriad forms of life within the earth's sails and waters. And on the same counter-parent principle, for assuming that the empyreal fluids of the nerves that anastomose within the spinal canal sustain the same relation to the germs of life within it, that the positive or plus expanded electric fluids subjacent thereto or within the cloud-region do to the germs of life within the super-ærial stratum.

As the outgrowth of water-breathers and of air-breathers in embryo, from the aqueous into the ærial stratum, is due to the assimilation of counter-condensed essences, whose electric fluids—primarily those of the sun's direct and reflex rays—are molded *in transitu* through the aqueo earthy and super-ærial strata—relatively maternal and paternal, it is assumed that the bronchio-sanguiferous system, with its myriad forms of life, is constituted of the neural germs ascending and descending from the alimentary and spinal canals, which contact and combine as incipient forms at the innumerable points of anastomoses between their counter-tending nerves; all their channels of circulation and vascular embodiments being like germs *in ovo*, plus condensed as consecutively more static fulcra.

The repetitions of this system are omnipresent within man's organism. Every muscle-fibre is made up of nerves, lymphatics, and bronchio-sanguiferous vessels; the equal, but opposite momentum of whose counter-tending

fluids is *per se* his muscular power. All his voluntary, as well as involuntary movements, are but the sum of the consensual movements of the sensor-motor entities, molded within the efferent and afferent nerves of general and special sense.

Their reciprocal need of each other's fruitful germs *compel* their respirations, which culminate as the rhythmic contractions and expansions of their channels of circulation, by which means they are propelled from points where they are unneeded, or ex-nutrient, to points where they are needed as nutriment. But for the provisional germs molded *in transitu* thro' the alimentary and spinal canals, the existence of the bronchio-sanguiferous system, with its peculiar compounds and complex forms, were as impossible as the existence of the ærial stratum of our world, with its peculiar compounds and complex forms, without the inbirth, combination, and growth of like provisional germs fruitful to the counter-mature elements within the aqueo-earthy and super-ærial strata. These counter-spacially conditioned or counter-sexual germs primarily combined at the lowest altitude of our world's ærial stratum in the lowest and simplest forms. Thence by commensal gestation, the assimilation of each other's elemental ova, the stratial successors of these simple forms became essentially and specifically more and more complex at each higher altitude of the stratum's outgrowth from the focus of terrestrial gravity.

The outgrowth of our stratum by the inbirth of more and more subtile counter-condensed germs from its proximate maternal and paternal strata, was necessarily commensurate with the outgrowth of our world, and our sphere, and also of the entire sphere of nature as the sum of formation from the focus of infinite gravity; the nutrient substance involved being primarily infused from consecutively higher altitudes of the opposing hemispheres of the primordial atmosphere.

It is readily perceivable that the counter-condensed essences or Spirit-germs fruitful to the elements of the two sexes of a species, are the same substance when organically conjoined as the soul of their common offspring. If identical as essence or spirit, then the genetic process by which man's soul-essences build up their vascular systems, the vessels within which their vito-sentient entities circulate, is identical with that by which the soul-essences of infinite being built up its vascular systems, the nuclei of its inter spheres—many of which are visible, and their invisible successive super-bases, between which their inter-forms and atmospheric elements circulate, as do those of our world between the earth and the peripheral encasement of its super-ærial stratum. Hence just as the recreative and procreative essences of our world are the soul-essences of its included elements, compounds, and complex forms, so the soul of infinite being, the essential archetype or reason of universal formation, is the soul-essence of its included elements and interforms and of what they are becoming.

The soul of man is therefore the souls of the essential offspring of the elements and inter-



can delight the eye and charm the ear may be found. These gateways are reared of solid, alabaster-like stone, in the form of an arch.

Everywhere we observe the circle and arch, nowhere do we find sharp corners, or the angular edge; all is smooth, completed, whole. The flower-beds are in rings, blooming with soft, exquisite tints, and rich with delicate odors.

The inhabitants of this city dwell in unity, co-operate together in associative bodies, each one working for the good of all. Their sphere represents brotherly love and honest fidelity; their aura is clear, shining and transparent.

I understand that these beings rarely, if ever, return to earthly scenes. They have long since passed beyond the conditions of material things; they are without passions, but delight to minister to suffering souls; they understand the art of preparing their beautiful garments from elements gathered from the gardens, and their food likewise grows spontaneously in the shape of rich, juicy and nutritious fruit, upon the trees.

The habits of life of these beings are extremely simple; they have no artificial wants and desires; their clothing is of the flowing, drapery style; their homes are simply furnished with furniture framed from tree and shrub, and adorned with vines and flowers.

But this is a studious people, one which is interested in all that affects humanity; and here are groves and temples dedicated to Truth, Wisdom and Knowledge. Temples, again in the circular form, like large rotundas, where the sage and philosopher, the chemist and the scientist hold forth in words of wisdom.

This place I have seen but once, and then imperfectly. Thither I was guided by a venerable ministering being, whose delight it is to instruct the young and ignorant. But one peculiarity I observed: that instead of the brilliant light of golden sunshine pouring down upon the scene, the whole city seemed partially veiled in a peculiar, rose-tinted haze, which threw a delicious sense of beauty over the white homesteads, the gleaming waters of the circular fountains, and the blooming gardens.

The inhabitants of this supernal city traverse space mostly by the intensity of will-force, but I am told they also possess conveyances for aerial travel, circular-shaped, silken-draped air-cars, which glide through the atmosphere like graceful birds of golden plumage. These I did not see, but I have seen similar aerial cars in other places.

Oh, were it possible to convey to you an adequate comprehension of the wonders and beauties of another life than this, it would be a task over which an angel might smile with joy.

# INSPIRATIONAL GEMS,

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## THE SABBATH DAY.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

THIS day so fair, this Sabbath day,  
My thoughts doth seem so far away;  
How fair it is, the woods so green;  
How calm the day, and how serene;  
The incense of the new blown rose—  
Oh, sacred day! oh, sweet repose!

Here love comes to me thro' the hours;  
The wooded vales all sweet with flowers:  
And benedictions seem to rise  
To the green vales of paradise;  
The tender music that is heard—  
The fluttering leaf or song of bird.

Ah, Nature's harp doth ever play  
The harmonies of love alway,  
To picture all the arts divine  
That flow in rhythm or in rhyme;  
In ballads, that the soul doth sing,  
Of love's immortal whispering.

Oh, treasures they are unto me  
Of every beautiful thing I see—  
The pebbles on the stranded shore—  
Of things to worship and adore;  
And every sweet and tender token  
Of memory's links that are unbroken.

Then breathe, oh, harp, thy sweet refrain  
Of rapture that I would retain,  
The melody that once I heard,  
The rapture that my bosom stirred:  
Of temples reared not unto clay,  
But animate with life to-day.

Thus from these wooded glades and glens,  
That brighten into daisies,  
May open into portals fair,  
And only love may trespass there—  
When earthly pleasures fade away  
Unto an endless Sabbath day.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## ANGEL-VOICES.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

WHILE tolling up life's rugged way,  
Where thunder rolls and lightnings play,  
And troubles dire rise day by day,  
Hope whispers, "All is well!"  
When clouds surround me, dark and drear,  
Bright angels whisper in my ear,  
"Dear heart, take courage!—help is near,  
The raging storm to quell."

Yet still from gathering clouds I flee,  
Lest utterly o'erwhelmed shouldst be;  
But still the angels whisper, "See  
The silver lining there!"  
Behind the clouds are fields of light,  
And Spirits striving for the right—  
The glorious picture charms my sight—  
And I have loved ones there!

Oh, glory! will I shout for joy,  
And hymns of praise my lips employ;  
The powers which threaten to destroy,  
Push me towards the gate,  
Which, by-and-bye, will open swing;  
E'en now I hear the angels sing;  
I soon will reach perpetual Spring,  
For which I work and wait.

The Golden City is so near,  
That I celestial voices hear,  
And risen kinemen send good cheer  
From the supernal shore.  
When heaven sends forth such glorious cheer,  
The clouds and gloom all disappear,  
And happiness reigns, even here,  
And doubt prevails no more!

ST. ALBANS, Vermont.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## OUR HOME.

BY VIRGINIA L.

In a cozy room, through windows four,  
An Autumn sun tints the carpet floor,  
Whilst many views adorn the walls,  
Some work of Spirits disenthralled.

And mineral interest represented,  
Flowers various, fragrant scented;  
See—sheets of music loosely strewn  
O'er instrument of sweetest tone.

Full library in a corner stands;  
Sofa and rocker at command;  
Industry claims some little show—  
By patient action, needles go.

Two frosted bouquets on a shelf,  
With curious toys, shells, cups, and delf;  
And "Time" stands there, among the best,  
To give the hour for rise or rest.

And on the centre-table stands  
A rich bouquet, and fruit at hand,  
So tempting to the taste and eye,  
Says, knife and plate—their virtues try.

Near by in rocker there is seen  
A gentleman of goodly mien,  
With whitened locks and hazel eye;  
He reveals from "Harper" story by

Some famous author, who has wrote  
More stirring tales than "Don Quixote,"  
He reads aloud—voice strong and clear—  
For benefit of lady near.

A short time since a birdling came  
To this same room—"Mittee" its name;  
Its graceful flittings, bird-like song,  
Was sweet—imperfect though the tongue.

For many days it hovered near,  
Flew out and in, without a fear;  
Too soon its farewell song was given;  
It left, and sought a Southern Eden.

This cozy room the angels claim,  
And oft they come with words and name,  
And demonstrate to human ken  
That there's no death—all live again!

## VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

NEW YORK CITY, June 23, 1880.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Friend*,—I find in your VOICE OF ANGELS, under date of the 15th ult., a personal communication through Dr. W. L. Jack, of Haverhill, Mass., from "Lizzie, to G. A. B., of Boston." This is the affectionate name of one whose angelic form, more than a score of years ago, I laid away with all the agony that crushed hopes and a bleeding heart gives to mortal existence. Since then, I have seldom spoken of her to any one, so sacred is her memory to me, and never spoken of her, either to parents or friends, except by her own proper name. Yet she addresses me through the Medium with the old-time affection. The sentiments she utters, and the promise given are here, in Spirit, I know.

Yours, very truly,

G. A. BACON.

EXPLANATION.—A new lot of paper, which we ordered more than seven weeks ago, was behind in its delivery, (probably on account of low water,) which was the cause of the delay in the issue of our last number.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.—*Johnson*.



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## MONEY-ORDERS.

☛ All Money-Orders for the VOICE OF ANGELS should be made payable at the BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

## EDITORIAL.

IS SPIRITUALISM TO BE SQUELCHED OUT OF EXISTENCE BY DESIGNING, EVIL-MINDED SPIRITS?

A FEW days since we received the following remarkable letter, which speaks for itself:

WAUKESHA, Wis., 6th, 13th, '80.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—I have been impressed for a long time to write you in relation to the safety of our heaven-born, God-given philosophy; and will ask if you have no fears that, when the great conflict now raging between truth and error is ended, Spiritualism will not get the worst of it, and become exterminated altogether? Do you not hear the bugle-notes of the enemy calling together his mighty hosts, preparatory to making an advance upon our illy-protected works? If you don't, I and others do; and I fear from those ominous sounds, coupled with his mysterious movements of late, that he will be upon us before we know of his proximity, and that our old, staunch, weather-beaten ship (Spiritualism) and her gallant crew and precious freight will fall into his hands, through the culpable negligence and carelessness of its pretended friends. And I feel sure that, if nothing is done to prevent it, he will make a movement in force upon our weak and flagging lines, and inflict a blow it will be hard to recover from.

Let us be up and doing, ready to frustrate his calculations at a moment's notice. Would it not be well to sound the alarm in your paper, telling your patrons of the imminent danger our life-saving cause is in, and that, unless they come to the rescue, it will suffer loss, and may be squelched out of existence? It seems to me great good might be done in that direction, and I hope you will at least make the effort.

I know there are some who are always backward in a good cause, as unmindful and unconcerned for its safety as though there was no danger; while there are some noble, fearless souls, who are gallantly fighting for it, who may be seen in the fore-front of the hottest battle, ready and willing, if need be, to spill every drop of their precious blood in defence of truth and right; and I wish I could reckon you in that number.

Hoping you will rouse up from your sleepy stupor, and go to the front and help those already there, I remain,

Respectfully, ———.

As the above letter was marked "Private," we have no right, according to common usage, to print it; and we would not, only that its contents are of such a remarkable character we thought best, as we could sign in blank, to review it somewhat in detail; not, however, because he indulges in severe reflections upon our dereliction from duty, but rather to show up the inconsistency of the remarkable language contained therein.

To begin with, our friend designates Modern Spiritualism, "our heaven-born, God-given philosophy"; which, if true, all the powers of inharmony from the lower spheres of thought, combined, could not prevail against it, or in the least retard its beneficent work. Yet in the same paragraph containing the above, strange as it may seem, he denies all this point-blank, by asking, "Have you no fears that, when the great battle now raging between truth and error is ended, that Modern Spiritualism will get the worst of it, and finally become exterminated altogether?" Now this shows as plain as words can, the utter fallacy of his pretensions that Spiritualism is a "heaven-born, God-given philosophy," because if he *really believed it*, he would entertain no fears as to the result of its mission.

We do not wish to be unduly captious, or too inquisitive; but it would be extremely interesting to know how he reconciles these two diametrically opposite statements as being in harmony with the very commonest common sense. We have often heard it said that when people were undecided what to do in certain emergencies, they were on the fence, ready to jump either way when trouble came. But our friend, although he professes to believe that Spiritualism is all-potent and powerful for good, and that nothing can stand in its way, yet from his doleful lamentations and crying for help to save it from falling into the enemy's hands, shows that he has no real confidence in its ability to prevent being taken captive by its enemies, ignorance and error; as, for instance, when he asks, "Do you not already hear the bugle-notes of the enemy, calling together his mighty hosts, preparatory to making an onslaught upon our works?" adding, "I fear from those ominous sounds, coupled with his quiet, mysterious movements of late, that he will be upon us before we can make arrangements to frustrate his advance, and that our old, staunch, weather-beaten ship (Spiritualism) with all on board will fall into his hands."

If such language does not show which of the contending powers he thinks is the

strongest, we know of no words that can. The bare possibility of that old craft coming to such a tragic end, is enough in itself alone to curdle the blood in one's veins; but to be told that such an event is not only possible, but probable—as our friend says it is—intensifies those feelings a thousand fold. Why, only think for a moment what must be the feelings of those who are in close *rapport* and sympathy with its officers and crew, to witness that grand old craft, commanded by Deity himself from all eternity, manned by angels and archangels, deeply laden with the most precious and valuable freight—the bread of life—falling into the hands of its victorious and jubilant enemies, superstition and ignorance! and to see the black flag and cross-bones of the piratical craft flying at her masthead, instead of the red, white and blue banner of harmony, on whose spacious folds are inscribed in letters of gold, "Love to God and good-will to man," would be a scene no language could fully express! And with her Divine Captain and angel crew confined under bolts and keys in some strong fortress, prisoners of war, the ship and cargo confiscated to the benefit of its victorious captors: and following up the advantage already gained, (as usual in war times,) their next grand movement would naturally be, with colors gaily flying at the head of their invincible columns, to scale the battlements of the Celestial City, plant their colors on its ramparts, drive out its inhabitants, and occupy it themselves—thus making the investment of the Eternal City complete!

Now, as unreasonable and ridiculously absurd as the above may appear at first sight, it is not only possible but probable, if our friend's doleful fears as to its safety have any foundation in fact. That is to say, if the darkened minds from the lower spheres of thought—whether inhabiting human bodies or not—have the power, as he says they have, to trample Modern Spiritualism under foot with impunity, and win regular pitched battles in the tented field over their less powerful opponent, Spiritualism.

In answer to the question, "Have you no fears for the safety of our glorious cause?" we will merely say that, notwithstanding our friend's doleful cry for help, we have not; simply because we don't believe anything and everything, in heaven or earth, or under the earth, all combined, can even hurt it a little, or retard for one moment its progress, much less capture it: because *we really believe*, as our friend professes to at times, that the managers of



forms of infinite being that have become abstracted as essential nutriment and re-created by transformation and conformation as his essential or spiritual qualities; the sum of their ova-embodiments being his body.

That all the mechanism through which man's vito-sentient powers become expressed is built up of essential substance essentially organized on the ovum or nuclear plane, is analogically illustrated in the transformation of a chick *in ovo*. Although a portion of the outermost substance of the "yellow yolk," its maternal aqueo-earthly stratum; and a portion of the outermost substance of the "white," its paternal super-aerial stratum, are "pinched off" as the prime contents of its nascent alimentary and spinal canals, yet these contents are as distinct from the embryo's sensitive organism as the elements external to the shell, until essentially abstracted and essentially organized as such. The fact that these contents become minutely subdivided, those within the alimentary canal being microscopically visible as an infinitude of insulated ova, in like manner as the "germ-yolk" interior to the yellow-yolk priorly became as minutely subdivided, is accepted by the author as positive evidence that the ova of each more complex species are combinations of the mechanism *in ovo*, through which the vito-sentient powers of every preceding structure or form of force *seriatim* became expressed. Hence the fertilization of the ovum of the mother-fowl is assumed to be the deposition therein of a fertilized ovum of a female spermatozoan developed within the father-fowl.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### HOW OLD ARE YOU?

THE physician tells us that there is a complete change and renovation of every part of the human body every seven years, so that really we never do grow old; for although continually dying, we are as constantly being born again. Being made of the "dust of the ground," are we not all of the same age, as old as the everlasting hills themselves?

Again, it is the "mind that makes the man;" and every emotion, every new idea, is a new birth and a new development of the man. Now, if by the acquisition of knowledge we become possessed of other men's ideas, we are one with them in Spirit; and thus indeed by faith we live in the ancestry of the past.

When God breathed into Adam the breath of life, we too received our inspiration. In this sense, again, all living creatures are of the same age—having their beginning with God, and coming up together to this, the omnipresent Now.

Thus it was that Christ said, and so may we, "Before Abraham was I am."

W. DEG.

JOY is a prize unbought, and is freest, purest in its flow, when it comes unsought. No getting into heaven as a place will compass it. You must carry it with you as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up, out of the central depths, of eternal springs that hide their waters there.

[Selected.]

#### WHO DOES HIS BEST DOES WELL.

Yes, life is a burden of sorrow and care,  
And none, do their best, can escape from their fate;  
Then, since we are doomed our great burden to bear,  
Let us steadily study to lighten its weight.

And first, in good humor set out on the way,  
With a song or a cheer, a kind word or a laugh;  
For we find, as 'long the world's highway we stray,  
The mass of mankind are too serious by half.

Why should Virtue forever wear cypress and yew,  
While Sin flaunts in garlands of myrtle and rose?  
The heart that is cheerful can still be as true  
As the heart that is ever bemoaning its woes.

Leave preaching for practice, leave promise for deeds,  
The poorest can spare a kind word or a smile;  
One act of true brotherhood shames all the creeds  
Ever woven by councils the world to beguile.

Do the best that you can, with a hearty good will;  
Help the weak and the weary you find on the way;  
Thus humanity's measure of duty fulfill—  
You'll find every act with the deed brings the pay.

When you lie down to rest with your hand on your heart,  
And can say, "In good sooth, I have tried to do right,  
To bear in the duties of life a man's part,"  
The fullness of peace will come in with the night.

#### A PUZZLE FOR METAPHYSICIANS.

IN the month of November, 1845, the ship *Sophia Walker* sailed from Boston, bound for Palermo. The owners, Messrs. Theophilus and Nathaniel Walker, had invited their brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles Walker, to go out to Palermo, as passenger, for the benefit of his health.

Among the crew was a young man named Frederick Stetson. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Caleb Stetson, at the time pastor of the Unitarian church in Medford, Massachusetts.

Frederick had been in a store in Boston, but, not being well, returned home to be under the care of a physician. His health did not improve; and Dr. Bemis, of Medford, advised a sea-voyage as most likely to restore his vigor. Frederick was delighted with this prospect, and his parents reluctantly consented.

It was thought best for his health that he should go on board as a sailor; but a contract was made with Captain John Codman, that in case Frederick should become weary of his duties, he should be admitted to the cabin in the capacity of captain's clerk.

From the fact that the Rev. Mr. Stetson was a neighbor and friend, I became acquainted with these circumstances at the time the young man left home and embarked on board the *Sophia Walker*. The father also requested my husband to speak to Captain Codman, his former pupil, in regard to the youth.

In common with other friends, I sympathized deeply with Mr. and Mrs. Stetson in parting from their son under these painful circumstances; but domestic cares and other scenes gradually effaced these impressions, until I forgot the length of time he expected to be absent, and indeed lost all recollection of his voyage.

I relate these circumstances in detail that the reader may understand more fully the remarkable facts which followed.

During the latter part of February, 1846, the death of my mother, Mrs. Leonard Woods, of Andover, was succeeded by my own dangerous illness. In March I was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs, and lay for days hovering between life and death.

One night, when the crisis seemed to have passed, a member of my husband's church, Mrs. Sarah Butters, who had been watching with me, retired soon after midnight to give place to my husband, who was to watch with me till morning. I had taken the medicine prescribed by my physician, and was endeavoring to compose myself to sleep, when all at once, with the vividness of a flash of lightning, the following scene was before me: A tremendous ocean storm: a frail vessel pitching headlong into the trough of the sea; a billow mountain-high ready to engulf her; a slender youth clinging to the mast-head; a more furious blast, a higher wave, and the youth, whom notwithstanding the darkness I instantly recognized as Frederick Stetson, fell into the foaming, seething deep.

As he struck the water I shrieked in agony; and my husband sprang to my side, expecting to see the crimson drops again oozing from my lips. My countenance, full of horror, terrified him.

"What is it?" he asked.

I motioned him to silence, unable to withdraw my thoughts from the scene. I still heard the roaring of the angry billows, the shouts of the captain and crew.

"Man overboard!" "Throw a rope!" "Let down the life-boat!" "It's no use; the ship has pitched beyond his reach!"

Fresh groans from my lips brought new anxiety to my faithful watcher. He seized my trembling hand, placed his fingers on my pulse, and started back with dismay when he felt their feverish bound.

"What is it? Are you in more pain? Shall I go for the doctor?"

"Oh, it's dreadful!" I gasped. "I can't tell." "It's awful."

Then I passed into a still more remarkable state. Heretofore I had seen what was going on at the moment; now my mind went forward, and saw events that occurred two, three days, two weeks, later.

The storm had abated. The vessel, though injured, was able to proceed on her way. It was the Sabbath; the crew were sitting in silent reverence, while the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Walker, read, prayed, and preached a funeral sermon, caused by the late sad event. Every eye was moistened, every breath hushed, as the speaker recounted the circumstances connected with Frederick's voyage, and endeavored to impress upon the minds of his hearers the solemn truth of the uncertainty of life.

Another scene. Our own chamber: a messenger coming in haste with a letter from Captain Codman announcing Frederick's death. The words of the letter I could read.

One more scene. I seemed to be again on board the *Sophia Walker*. Mr. Stetson was there, standing by Frederick's open chest, into which the captain had thoughtfully placed every article belonging to his late clerk. The father's tears fell copiously while Captain Codman dilated on Frederick's exemplary conduct during the entire voyage. When they reached Palermo, he had expressed his wish to enter upon the duties of a clerk, according to their contract, if tired of a sailor's life, and since that



hour had taken his place with the officers in the cabin.

All this passed before my mind with the rapidity of lightning. I lay trembling with agitation, until startled to present realities by my husband's voice, while he had a spoon to my lips.

The first question I asked was, "What day of the month is it?"

"The 10th of March."

"What time did you come into the room?"

"It was past twelve when I gave you your medicine. Soon after, you seemed greatly distressed. Can you tell me now what it was?"

"It is dreadful," I whispered, gasping between every word. "Frederick Stetson is drowned. I saw him fall into the sea."

"Oh, no!" was the cheerful reply. "You had been thinking of him, and dreamed it."

"No; I was wide-awake. I saw him fall. I have not once thought of him for weeks. Oh, what will his parents say?"

Soon after this, exhausted by my terrible excitement, I fell into a troubled sleep. When I awoke, it was dawn, and I immediately commenced narrating to my husband the scenes I had witnessed, he making a note of them, and their precise date.

Perceiving that this conversation greatly agitated me, he left the chamber to inquire whether the *Sophia Walker* had come into port, and promised to direct our son, a school-mate of Edward Stetson, to ask whether Frederick had returned from his voyage.

This he did, thinking to allay my nervous excitement, which he fully believed to be the result of a fevered dream.

At an early hour Dr. Daniel Swan, one of my physicians, came to my bedside. He expressed his disappointment at finding my pulse greatly accelerated, and asked the cause.

I then, though not without great exhaustion, repeated to him what I had seen, my husband being present, Mrs. Butters (the lady already referred to,) and a woman who had lived in my family for years.

In the course of a week several persons were made acquainted with these facts, though, from the fear lest they should reach the ears of the parents, they were told under an injunction of secrecy.

In the mean time I listened eagerly to my son's daily bulletins from his schoolmate.

"Fred is coming soon." "Mother has his clothes all ready." "Father says he may be here any day now." "The *Sophia Walker* is due this week."

It was two weeks before the ship arrived in port; but I was so far convalescent that I was permitted to sit up, wrapped in blankets, for an hour or two each day.

On one of these occasions, while Mr. Baker and the family were at dinner, the bell rang, and presently I heard my husband, in answer to the summons of the servant, hurry to the door.

It was scarcely a minute before he entered my chamber, pale, and evidently trying to conceal his emotion. He had an open letter in his hand, upon which his eyes were fastened.

"You have Captain Codman's letter," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "and in almost the words you repeated to me."

I held out my hand for the sheet, and my tears fell fast as I read the following lines, evidently written in great haste:

"Rev. Mr. Baker:

"MY DEAR SIR—I must beg you to perform a painful duty. Poor Frederick was lost overboard in a gale on the 10th. You must tell his father. I cannot.

"I never had anything occur that has given me so much pain. He was everything that I could desire; and I can truly say that I never had occasion to reprove him, and that his uniform good conduct won the esteem and love of us all. There was this satisfaction—that no one of us was so well prepared for death.

"I will detail the circumstances at more leisure; but enough to say now, he was lost from the foretopsail yard in a gale of wind, and human exertion could not save him. You can best administer consolation to his distressed parents. Show them the sermon preached on the Sabbath following his death, which accompanies this, and assure them of my heart-felt sympathy.

"Yours truly,

J. CODMAN.

"March 24th, 1846."

While my eyes glanced over the lines, familiar as if penned by myself, Mr. Baker was making hurried preparations to go to Mr. Stetson's.

"Young Hall brought it out," he explained.

"Captain Codman wished me to have the letter at once, lest the parents should hear the sorrowful tidings in an abrupt manner."

The sad scenes which followed are too sacred to be even touched upon here. Mr. Baker did not return home for hours, having offered to go to Cambridge, and convey the sad intelligence to Marriam Stetson, the second son, who was a member of Harvard College.

"I am to go into Boston to see Captain Codman in the morning," he said. "Mr. Stetson is anxious to see him, and I shall ask him to return with me."

I recalled the last scene on board the *Sophia Walker*, and said: "I thought he himself went in. It is the first thing not exactly in accordance with my vision."

I called it vision, for I was not asleep, and therefore it could not be a dream.

The next morning, when Mr. Baker called at Mr. Stetson's house to take any additional message, he learned that, impatient and restless, the sorrowing father had found it impossible to wait, and had taken the earliest conveyance into Boston, where a scene occurred like what I had witnessed.

There was no longer need of secrecy in regard to my prescience or foresight, if so it may be called, and it speedily came to the parent's ears. Persons of intelligence of both sexes speculated and puzzled over these remarkable mental phenomena, unlike most recorded by philosophers in the fact, already stated, of the mind not only recognizing what was passing at the moment at a distance of hundreds of miles, but going forward in advance of events, and foretelling them with minute accuracy.

I make no effort to explain my mental state, which I am entirely unable to do; but I may be pardoned for quoting from a philosopher of

the present century, who, speaking of visions and dreams, remarks: "It is in vain to attempt an explanation of them. They scarcely appear referable to any principle with which we are at present acquainted."

Priestly, another metaphysician, adds: "If the nerves and brain be vibrating substance, all sensations and ideas are vibrations in that substance; and all that is properly unknown in the business is the power of the mind to perceive or be affected by these vibrations."

The following case, somewhat analogous to the one narrated above, is from *Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers*, which says, "I relate this without any attempt at explanation, and without any other comment than that its accuracy may be relied on in all its particulars.

"Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat, severe and protracted, but not considered as attended with danger. At the same time one of them had borrowed a watch from a friend in consequence of her own being under repairs. This watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of some family associations, and anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having roused the other, told her that she had a frightful dream.

"I dreamed," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped, and that when I told you of the circumstance, you replied, 'Much worse than that has happened, for brother's breath has stopped also.'"

"To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up, and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch, which had been carefully put in a drawer, going correctly.—*Harpers' Monthly*.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PLACES I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THERE is a beautiful little city in the Summer-land, which, situated between rising hills of ever-glowing verdure, presents an appearance of restful tranquillity and harmonious peace. Its name signifies "City of Joy."

The habitations of this place are all of a circular shape, pavilion-like in appearance, typical of the rounded out completeness of human life. These buildings are open at the sides, the roofs of shining brightness, supported by columns of white ivory, exquisitely carved, and entwined with clustering plants and flowering vines. They also are ranged in circles or spheres, eight of these homesteads, with their connecting flower-gardens, comprising a circle. Here and there are gateways, leading to vast and beautiful grounds, where all that



Warner, by name. I have friends whom I would like to reach by way of this office; I think they will see my letter. I do not expect to convince them of the truth of this thing all at once, but only to awaken thought and to arouse an interest in their minds.

There is a Medium in Philadelphia, by the name of Powell, I would like my friends to visit, so that I can communicate. There is a piece of information I know they are anxious to receive, that they hardly know where to look for, which I can give them in private. There are many things I wish to talk about, concerning myself and my friends. I am pleased with the Spirit-world, glad I found it when I did, and can now say, what I could not here, I would not live longer in the body for anything earth can offer.

MADISON HURD.

Excuse me, sir, for coming again. I was here once before. [We are glad to have you come.] Thank you, sir. I desire to say for myself and sisters, we send our love; we are happy, we all return to our mother to influence her with the impressions she receives, and to bring her spirit peace. We perceive a change coming, one that will be of considerable importance, one that we are interested in and shall guide.

After this, we expect to be able to come better, to bring a stronger influence for good. There are those in the form who will receive the light of truth and become developed as Mediums. For this we have been working a long time; now we can see enough to make us hope.

My name is Madison Hurd, son of Luseba Hurd, of Willoughby, Ohio. I have been in Spirit-life many long years. I have seen changes on earth to those near to me, but have always been pleased to see a silver lining to them all. I have sought to grow in knowledge, that I might be of some use in life. I have a class to teach in the other world, and I am happy and satisfied with my work.

My sisters are beautiful Spirits. They, too, are busy and active, working for the good of others. They are developing their powers. Mary is quite a poet; she will yet give forth something to the world.

SCREAMING EAGLE.

SCREAMING EAGLE, Indian Chief, come to the strangers' Council, to send talk to brave Henry, who reads the talking sheet. Screaming Eagle come to scream loud and sharp; he say to brave, Be very careful; take no sudden step, no rash move; wait long, wait wise, reserve the forces for the work; take good care of self. Spirits

look for a new case, a difficult one for brave, Spirits say. Take it, work over it; it bring power, bring strength, make name big. We bring power; brave use it.

The little papposes now grown up in hunting-grounds send love. Medicine man send greeting; he been to wigwam, made brave shake hard, made him think of what he say. Medicine man say he bring all the good power he can. So Screaming Eagle say. So other Indian Chief say. All good.

JAMES FURBISH.

How do you do, friends? Personally I am a stranger to you all, but not a stranger to our glorious cause. It was a pearl of great price to me, and I treasure it still. I lived many long years on earth, and passed through varied experiences, but the most blessed of them all was that which brought me consolation and peace through Spiritualism.

It is not such a great while since I passed from the body, but I am as contented with my Spirit-home as though I was an old resident. I am united to my dear companion, and together we work, striving to assist and enlighten others.

My name is James Furbish. I am well known in Portland, Maine, and indeed in other places. Friends of mine will read my words, and feel glad that I have returned. To all I send affectionate greeting. I often return to them, to influence them with my presence as best I can.

To one and all this is my message, Go on in life, ever seeking for some higher truth, some purer experience. Strive to attain the gifts of the Spirit—purity, love and peace. Dispense your blessings to those around you. Live for the sake of truth and to bless your fellow-man.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### THE MEDIUM JOHN LYON.

DEAR DENSMORE:—We have rather a remarkable Medium in the person of John Lyon, in this city. In an humble though respectable manner, he lives with his mother and brother, at No. 186 Richmond street, and is doing a great deal of good scattering seeds of Spiritualism. He is a man of above thirty years of age—short and stout in person, and affable in manner, and gives much satisfaction to almost all who visit him, to learn of his mediumship.

Every Sunday afternoon he has been in the habit of holding Circle Seances at his home, and some twenty or twenty-five persons, strangers and others, usually attend; when after a while he becomes entranced, and then his Spirit-guide begins to work through him, and tells different

ones of the Circle the presence and names of Spirits present with them and what good words they have to say for their mortal friends; and that the Spirits may be known and recognized thoroughly, many and various tests are presented, besides names and descriptions of the personelle of the Spirits. Sometimes a Spirit will undertake to deliver a lecture about matters and things, and often an Indian Spirit will come, and go through with his curious talk and gyrations.

Mrs. Carter has been present at one or two of these seances, and so pleased was she, that she arranged a private seance with the Medium; and she was greatly satisfied with the remarkable results of that. Then she arranged another private seance with the Medium, for herself and myself, one evening, and we both went, and had one of the most satisfactory and gratifying Spiritual times, that we ever experienced.

We retired to a back-room with the Medium, and were seated together. Soon the Medium showed evidences of entrancement, and then the Spirit-guide presented to me, by veritable name, and description of power, from time to time, no less than fifteen Spirit-friends and relatives, all of whom had something of interest to say to me, and to my wife; and some of them said some most extraordinary things to me, of extraordinary test character, and producing in our minds conviction beyond all peradventure of the presence of those whom they purported to be.

It is not worth while to recount the particulars of this remarkable seance, and I do not wish to do so, for they were mostly of a private and personal nature. But this I will say, that from what I got that night from some of my Spirit-friends, through the mediumship of John Lyon. I proceeded to effect in action, afterwards, and so far all has resulted well, and I think I can see that the finale will be so too.

Mrs. C. and myself were more than pleased with our Spiritual interview, and we advise Spiritualist strangers who come to our city, to call upon Mr. Lyon, if they wish to have a good Spiritual time.

Mr. Lyon has been exercising his Medium powers for years, and it is very curious that I had never met him before. He was born and reared in this city, and his father I remember as a manufacturer. He seems to be a very good man, and is, I know, an excellent Medium, and well deserves this public notice, in the columns of the VOICE OF ANGELS.

Yours, truly,

A. G. W. CARTER.

CINCINNATI, June, 1880.



## BRIEF ITEMS.

The Grand Union Spiritualist Pic-nic, under the direction of Dr. A. H. Richardson and a committee of officers from Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, was held at Shawsham River Grove, on Thursday, June 24th, and was a decided success—a large number of persons being present from Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill and vicinity, as well as the towns adjoining the Grove. The exercises were opened by Dr. A. H. Richardson, who, in a few well-chosen remarks, stated the objects of the meeting, which were to give campers an opportunity to select locations for their habitation during the coming camp-meeting at this place, and to advance the interests of the Lyceum cause. Dr. Richardson then introduced Dr. John H. Currier of Boston, as chairman, who presided in his usual genial manner, and introduced various speakers, whose remarks were generally interesting and were well received; after which, recitations were given in a spirited style by four or five young misses.

The Spiritualists Pic-nic Association of Western Connecticut and the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists held a joint pic-nic at Lake Compounce, June 16th, when addresses were made and officers for the ensuing year elected in the forenoon. After dinner, the assembly was addressed by Henry Kiddle, of New York City, and Capt. H. H. Brown, at considerable length. The gathering was large and the meeting a success.

The services on Sunday, July 4th, at Amory Hall, Boston, were the last for the Summer of the Children's Lyceum. The hall was opened for the first time last October, and for a time the attendance was small; but has now grown so large that the hall is hardly large enough to contain the throng who desire to take part.

The Boston Transcript for June 21st, contained an interesting communication from Epes Sargent, in regard to the astonishing manifestations by slate-writing and otherwise, by C. E. Watkins, Slade, and others, referring particularly to the remarkable seance held in Mr. Sargent's library, in the presence of Joseph Cook and others, and speaking very handsomely of Mr. Cook's honest avowal that the phenomena presented were incapable of explanation on any but supernatural grounds.

The Banner also contains an interesting account of the reading and answering by Mr. Watkins, of a question written on a small slip of paper, and rolled up tightly and mixed with other slips—the contents being also unknown to the gentleman presenting it—which sets aside the question of mind-reading as the basis of Mr. Watkins' power in this instance. It is one of the most satisfactory tests we have ever known.

Capt. H. H. Brown spoke at Cumington, Mass., July 4th, and delivered the oration there on the 5th. He will speak in Vermont and New Hampshire during the remainder of the month.

Mr. W. J. Colville closed his ministrations at Berkeley Hall, Boston, and Kennedy Hall, at the Highlands, on Sunday, July 11th. He will speak during July and August at Neshaminy Falls, Onset Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y., Casadaga Lake, and other places. He will not go to England at present, as has been stated.

Mr. Thos. R. Hazard has a long communication in the Banner, giving an account of wonderful materializations and manifestations given him at a seance by Mrs. A. V. Ross, Providence, R. I.

N. B. Starr, the well-known Spirit-artist, of Port Huron, Mich., passed to Spirit-life on the morning of June 18th, at the age of seventy-six years, leaving a wife, with whom he had dwelt more than fifty years, and one son.

The Camp-meeting at Neshaminy Falls Grove will commence July 18th and continue until August 16th. Complete arrangements have been made for

the accommodation of all who may attend, in a comfortable manner and at reasonable prices. All the prominent Spiritualists and Mediums of the country are expected to be present during the meeting, and addresses will be given every day. Vocal and instrumental music will add to the attractions, by some of the best talent that can be obtained.

A New York correspondent writes under date of June 24th: "The lectures of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham closed on June 27th, for vacation. Then Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will occupy the rostrum in Republican Hall. The Second Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, speaker, now occupies Masonic Hall—meetings for addresses being held Sunday mornings and evenings, and conferences on Sabbath afternoons."—Banner.

Cleveland, Ohio, has two divisions, viz., the East and West Sides, and through the month of June there has been speaking in two halls each Sunday. Mrs. Emma Britten on the East Side has been speaking in her inimitable way, and Miss F. Anne Hinman, from Connecticut, on the West Side, has more than met the expectation of the people before she came. The Lyceum held a pic-nic June 19th at Rocky River, on the shore of Lake Erie. There was speaking by both Mrs. Britten and Miss Hinman.

Mrs. Stone has given \$100,000 to Wellesley College for a new Dormitory, which is now complete. At last women are thinking of devoting some of their spare capital to the education of their daughters, as well as their sons.—R. P. Journal.

Mr. T. R. Redman states in the London Spiritualist that a few years since, when giving instruction in Mesmerism, he made one of his sensitives rigid, and placed him on the backs of two chairs, so that his body formed a table from which he delivered his lecture. The sensitive was kept in that state and position fifteen minutes, and upon being restored to his normal condition experienced no ill effects.—Banner.

The closing exercises of the Lyceum at Paine Hall were of unusual interest—the children especially entering into them with a zest that was truly refreshing. There was no dwindling down or dying out of interest manifest; on the contrary all were full of life and vigor.

Alice Bennet, M. D., has been elected by the trustees as physician to the Woman's Department of the Insane Asylum in Norristown, Penn.

The new church building, which has been erected by the Spiritualists of Alliance, Ohio, at an expense of several thousand dollars, was dedicated Sunday, June 27th, when addresses were made by Dr. Peebles, Hon. Mr. Bradford, Rev. J. H. Harter, Mrs. Morse, and others. The Society have an elegant building, and are nearly out of debt.

George H. Geer, of Michigan, will speak, from July 9th to July 16th, at the Mediums' Camp-Meeting at Creedmoor Park. Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, from July 16th to July 22d. Mrs. Juliette H. Severance, from July 22d to August 1st.

We are pleased to note the fact, that Dr. Henry Slade has reached Chicago, on his way homeward from his journey around the world; and that he has given a sitting to our contemporary, Col. Bundy and his wife.—Mind and Matter.

The June number of Woman's Words has an excellent likeness of Mrs. Emma Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. A brief biographical sketch of her life is also given.

At the eleventh annual commencement of the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, nine students were graduated.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Fraternity meetings have been adjourned until September.

Gen. Garfield is declared to be a friend of Woman Suffrage.

The Harmonial Society of New York City held its last service for the Summer June 27th. The meetings will be resumed the second Sunday of September next. The same officers have been re-elected, and Mr. A. J. Davis will continue to deliver discourses every Sunday morning.

Mrs. R. Shepard spent the months of April and May in Ohio. She is now speaking in Michigan, and in July she goes to Philadelphia to attend the Neshaminy Camp-meeting.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Mediums' Medical Association will be held in Mead's Hall, Lansing, Mich., commencing July 30th, and closing Aug. 1st.

We learn from The Cape Times, published at Capetown, Africa, that the Medium and lecturer, Thomas Walker, is drawing crowded houses.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference has adjourned until Sept. 1st.

[From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

## SELF-RELIANCE.

BY MRS. EMMA R. TUTTLE.

Blow back the veil from my face, oh, winds of the turbulent present!

I wish it a while, although soft and protecting its tissues;  
'Tis best to see clear, if the weather be stormy or pleasant,  
Wide-eyed to face life as she faces the soul with her issues.

Ah, I have passed on from the days when in weakness I trembled,

And drew close my veil, when I knew that grim Danger was coming,

Till through it mad fires only rose-colored blossoms resembled,

And lulled, I walked onward, my gladsome melodies humming.

He only is brave, who is brave with an eye on his peril;  
And Ignorance knows not the meaning of victor or coward;  
She plays with red poppies, and circles her forehead sosterle;

Albeit her couch with the poisonous night-shades is bowered.

The years have gone by when the sweetness of weakness was sounded,

When Innocent Ignorance played with her sleepy white fingers,

While Wisdom, star-crowned, lay neglected, unhonored and wounded,

And Bigotry plaited the thorns for the world's knowledge bringers.

We sense the salvation, at length, which is gained by compliance

With Reason and Truth—never once by their dire crucifixion;

They sanctify souls by a wise and devout self-reliance,  
Which springs up from growth and is fed by the dew of affliction.

Today is not good for long dreams among myrtles and roses!  
Mad vipers slip 'round where the fair blossoms smile in the grasses!

Some time will come safety and days of delicious repose,  
When up all the future roll blisses in opulent masses.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## A REMARKABLE SEANCE WITH MRS. J. R. PICKERING.

SOMERVILLE, MASS., June 8th, 1880.

I was one of a party of five, who attended a seance with Mrs. J. R. Pickering, at 796 Tremont street, Boston, last evening, and the manifestations were of a most marked and striking character. Seventeen full formed Spirits, (which does not include our baby grand-child,) walked out of the cabinet, most of them stepping close up to their friends, sometimes touching their hands or heads, and sometimes kissing them. All came out some feet, except our little year-old grand-child. He



the great movement of this century are amply able to take good care of themselves and their heavenly work. If they have not this power—that is, if they have not enough foresight and calculation to prevent being taken in and done for by those wallowing in the mazes of darkness, and the very ones too they came to serve—it is the greatest humbug and wickedest fraud that ever disgraced the pages of history, and the sooner it is wiped out of existence the better it would be for the over-credulous part of humanity. Not only that, but if these poor darkened minds can over-ride and squelch Modern Spiritualism altogether, as our friend says they can—thus proving its fraudulency—they (the dark Spirits) ought to receive the sincere plaudits and profoundest gratitude of every man, woman and child in Christendom, for bringing to light and showing up the greatest fraud and humbug the world ever knew.

When a person is all the while expressing fears that whatever he may be engaged in will culminate in failure, it is pretty good evidence he has over-estimated its value. Such doubts, however, would naturally occur in ordinary cases, until success removed them. But when our friend called upon us so lustily to “rouse up from our sleepy stupor and come to the aid of Spiritualism,” he proves beyond a peradventure that at the time he made the call he had not a particle of faith in its ability to withstand the vigorous onslaught of its enemies; but on the contrary, he has all confidence in the power of the latter to subdue and conquer the former; thus again proving that ignorance and error are in his estimation superior to knowledge and truth, and that the former is all-potent, and can stand on its own merits, while the latter cannot sustain itself a single moment without the aid of outside help.

In conclusion, we will merely add, when our friend declares that, unless its friends come to the rescue, Spiritualism will go pell-mell to destruction on the sunken rocks and quicksands of ignorance and error, he very forcibly reminds us of the religious crusades of the Middle Ages, when great armies were collected together under the command of efficient generals, who had recruiting sergeants in every city and town of Western Europe, to drum up recruits to swell “the mighty armies of the Lord,” telling their fanatical dupes that, unless they came to the rescue at once—just as our anxious friend tells us—the good cause they were engaged in would suffer irreparable loss, and finally be swept

out of sight. Thus by pandering to the religious instincts and fanatical sentiments of the people—just as our friend is trying to get a spark of enthusiasm into our stupid numbskull in favor of the old ship of Zion, (Modern Spiritualism,)—these armies assumed prodigious proportions, and they swept over the land like the besom of destruction, maiming and killing in cold blood all who refused to subscribe to their articles of faith.

Now this state of things in that dark age was not so much to be wondered at; but to hear the same fears expressed, and almost in the very same words, in the last days of the nineteenth century, for the safety of Spiritualism, that were used to support the popular religion of that dark age, and considering the great lapse of time between the two events, makes it a thousand times more wonderful. Yet so it is; but it only proves, after all, that however much some people may blow and bluster about the great work Spiritualism has done, and is still to do—by their fears for its safety they have not a particle of confidence in its ability to take care of itself, without the aid of “a few fearless, noble souls who are always to be seen in the fore-front of the hottest battle,” ready and willing, if need be, to spill every drop of their precious blood to sustain a cause which, by their own rendering of its weakness, is not worthy of a passing thought, much less fighting to the death to sustain it.

Notwithstanding there has been so much said, pro and con, by its friends about this and that act hurting and keeping back Spiritualism, but for which they say it would have been much further advanced, and also the most determined and reckless opposition of sectarian and scientific bigots for over thirty years, it has gained more adherents in this comparatively short time than all other beliefs put together; its mission is a divine one, and it came into the world for the especial benefit of those very bad people—but for whom it would not have come at all—and while our friend is so fearful they will capsize the only feasible plan of salvation through which they could be redeemed from ignorance and error, we can lay back, (if not supinely,) feeling perfectly easy as to final results; and if we fail in playing well our part in the great drama of passing events, we alone are responsible; and we assure our friend that, so far as we comprehend that duty, he will have no occasion to “rouse us from our sleepy stupor” to perform it well.

— We would direct attention to the advertisement of Dr. W. L. JACK, on the last page.

## THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

### TUNIE.

[WHILE waiting for our Circle to commence operations, Tunie, with her radiant, smiling face, entered the Circle Room of the VOICE OF ANGELS, followed by the band of young ladies of which she is a member, and after a few moments of pleasant chat with them, upon the object for which the Circle was formed in the first place, said:] We have been listening unobserved to a very interesting debate between two gentlemen on our side of life, the subject being, whether progression was eternal or not—both being highly cultured and intelligent in the ways of mundane life, but somewhat ignorant in Spirit-lore. But after discussing the subject pro and con for an hour or more, and finding they were getting farther and farther apart, they finally agreed to leave it to some one who was better posted in such matters. By mutual consent, through the advice of our old friend, Abijah Raymond, to whom they were under many obligations for services rendered, they agreed to leave it to you. At this, Mr. Raymond asked me to apprise you of their decision, and ascertain whether or not it would be convenient to see them this evening. Knowing that you had engagements up to 10 P. M., I took the liberty of telling them of that fact; and as you were quite unwell, I thought it best to postpone the interview until tomorrow evening, when you would be better prepared to listen to what they had to say, to which both cordially assented, and left.

[The next evening, at the usual time, Mr. Raymond came in, followed by the two gentlemen referred to by Tute, the evening before. Both were large, well-proportioned men, somewhere near fifty years old, hailing from St. John, N. B. After the ceremony of introduction was over, one of the gentlemen entered immediately upon the subject that called them here, and spoke as follows:] I suppose you are aware, sir, of the cause of our visit, through the courtesy of Mr. Raymond, to whom, by the way, my friend and self are under lasting obligations for benefits received, in teaching us the first letter, and to take the first steps that will lead eventually, I trust, to a comprehensive understanding of the laws of life.

Before I proceed further, it is proper to state that my friend and self became acquainted through the kind offices of Mr. Raymond, some six months ago, since which time we have been close friends, although differing in our religious ideas as widely as the poles, as you will see further on; yet we have never felt anything but the kindest feelings towards each other, when discussing the subject, as each knows the other is thoroughly honest. While I was brought up under the droppings of the Sanctuary—my farther being a clergyman of some repute—my friend here was brought up to believe in nothing unless it corresponded to his best judgment and reason, his parents being what are called infidels. Hence you see how far apart we must be in relation to metaphysical matters. While my friend believes, and supports it, too, with sound logical arguments, that the character-



ties by which a person is known through his earthly career were formed before he saw the light of day, I believe no such thing. He also believes in the evolution, or Darwinian theory; that is, that the human body came from the monad, that the first living insect was the beginning of the human body; and contends that, but for insect life, the physical body would have been impossible. Now, notwithstanding all of his arguments in support of his theory, I believe in the accepted theory by the whole Christian world, (and the Bible sustains it,) that the first man, and everything else animated with life, throughout universal nature, were made full-sized and self-producing, in the first place. Now, do you wonder we fail to agree?

There is one thing, however, in which we are in accord, and that is, that the soul or life-principle came from what he calls a First Great Cause, and which I call God.

So you will see that the main difference existing between us is, that while he reasons everything out, and believes nothing that does not conform thereto, I believe in nothing but what the Bible tells me is true.

When speaking of the creation of the world and all things thereon, the other day, he asked, "Do you believe the world was made in six days, as we measure time?" I assured him I did; when he began to say something about nature being more prolific in those days than now, I checked him, and said, "God could have spoken it into existence in a moment of time, if he had so pleased; else he is not almighty in power and wisdom."

In response to the above he said, "I think you will find that you are mistaken, some time sooner or later; as I think you will see clearly that man and everything else came into being through organic laws, and that God could no more speak a world into existence—or any thing else, as to that—outside of those laws, than you could. When this to me truth flashes across your mind, you will see and feel, too, that although the Bible was no doubt suited to the nomadic condition of people five thousand years ago, it does not apply with equal, or in fact, any force, to a majority of the people today. Why, to my mind, it would be just as unreasonable to expect a jacket made for a two-year old boy to fit a full-grown man, as to expect the teachings of those early days of the earth's history to be suited to the intelligence of today."

[While the above was going on, I noticed the first speaker was getting fidgetty and nervous, as though he felt the glimmer of a new light piercing his darkened mind, and after waiting in a thoughtful attitude a few moments, he turned towards me and said:] "From what we have said in your presence, although we both are true and honest in our convictions, yet you see how impossible it is for us ever to come to a common understanding of the subject, and I think it time wasted to attempt it, as it has been now over six months since we commenced exchanging views upon it."

[At this he ceased speaking, and both seemed to be waiting to hear what I had to say about it. Perceiving this, I told them that, although they agreed to leave it to me to say which I

thought had the best of the argument—for which I felt honored—yet no one could answer for another, as each must be well persuaded in his own mind, and act accordingly. But if I was going to say anything about the merits of the case, it would be that, as both are sincere and candid, and work from their best light, they are both right; because neither can think or do differently until it is revealed to them; and my advice is, if it is good for anything, to keep on discussing the matter in the same fraternal spirit they have heretofore, and before three months there would be no question between them. Upon this they both thanked me most cordially, and with an invitation to call upon me at any time when convenient, they bade me adieu, and passed out of sight.

This listening to two Spirits discussing metaphysical matters, especially in such a fraternal and friendly spirit, and withal so natural and new to me, it was with difficulty, at times, that I could realize but what I was listening to men in the body.

So ends one of the quietest, and withal most interesting seances we ever had at our Circle.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### SYMPATHY.

BY VIENNAH L.

Oh, the weary, sail-hearted of life there are many;  
Their burdens are grievous—no pleasure, all care;  
Obscured oft the sunlight of health, wealth, or any  
Kind friend to protect them, or sorrow to share.

These are facts the world o'er, that no one can deny;  
The picture is truthful, imprinted to view;  
A picture thought-sadened, when brought to the eye,  
For our close inspection, or problem—work through.

What course could be taken to remedy ills  
Confined to life's physical, even—  
Whilst moral and physical forces are chilled,  
And the masses seek naught but earth-heaven?

Let the school-house be bullded o'er all the broad land,  
And inducements be held out aright  
To lessen the ignorance of earth-minds, and band  
All as brothers, life's errors to right.

#### SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
JUNE 20TH, 1880,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELL-  
HAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

UNTO Thee, oh, Infinite Spirit, Author of all we behold, Author of all we can comprehend, we, a company of thy children gathered here tonight, desire to lift up our songs of thanksgiving and praise for the wonderful gift of life, made beautiful, more beautiful every day by the revealments of thy love.

We bless Thee; we thank Thee for the sweets of earth, for the unfoldment of the flowers, gleaming so wondrously bright in fragrance and beauty, and singing to Thee, through budding rose and wayside gem, an anthem of love and peace.

We bless Thee for the unfoldment of the Spirit, that like the blossoming flower expands out in fragrance and light; that the aspiration of each soul is ever nearer

to its God, ever onward and upward towards the Land of Peace.

We thank Thee for the strength thine angels impart to mortals; we bless Thee for the joys of Spirit-communion, for the tidings of good cheer from loved ones gone before. Oh, may these blessings be multiplied, may the loving Spirits receive power to comfort every sorrowing heart. To this end, we ask thy aid; let the light be spread abroad; let thy great truths be wafted to the homes where sorrow and sadness are known; and may all rejoice in Thee as a God of the living and not of the dead. Amen.

EDDIE JOHNSON.

I WANT to come. [Come right along.] I want to send my love to mamma. I be a little boy; I'm mamma's little boy. She cries for me; I don't want her to, 'cause it makes me want to cry to. Will you tell mamma not to cry? [Yes, what is her name?] Mary; my name's Eddie Johnson. Mamma lives in Hudson, New York. Mamma don't know I can come real close to her. Tell her I can, and I brings my love to her, and I kiss her too.

Grandma takes care of me; she sends her love too. I isn't sick any more now; I is well and I has got a little kittie, like I had here, another little "Spottie."

Tell mamma to give my little hammer and blocks to Georgie. I want him to have 'em, and his mamma will let him keep 'em in the 'shed.

That's all, I guess. I'm tired now. I send my love, and I want mamma to go somewhere where I can come and talk to her and give her a real good hug.

HANNAH SULLIVAN.

Oh, I'm tired. I've not been dead long; I don't know what brings me here, only I'd like to have the folks know I can come, and that I know what's going on. There are some I want to keep my eye on, and it's just as well they should know I can come round and see what's what.

I send my love to my friends. Tell them this new world is not so much different from the old, after all; we've all got to pray ourselves into happiness, by our good deeds. I'll come back again, if I can. I died in Boston.

I'm very much obliged to everybody who was ever kind to me. If we realized life as it looks to the Spirit, we would all of us always be as kind as we know how to everybody around us.

My name is Hannah Sullivan. I am much obliged to you. [You are very welcome.]

WILLIAM WARNER.

I AM from Philadelphia, sir—William



was unable to quite stand alone, when he passed on, and was thus represented to us last night. He stood inside the cabinet, reached out a little hand, and patted us, and answered questions by nodding his head.

There was but one form that was not recognized, and she could not speak. Most could talk in whispers, and one spoke audibly in German to her son, and sometimes employed most expressive gestures. One sister recognized three grown-up children; they coming close up to her; spoke and touched her.

A lady came to my husband and myself, whom, at first, we did not know. She said, she knew us a great way off, pointing toward the West. I asked if it was in Sterling, Illinois, and she said yes, which led to a recognition, and she conversed freely with us for some time, and came out and touched us.

Mrs. Pickering has a little niece with her, about six years old, whose mother passed on about five months ago. That mother came, and as soon as the child saw her, she sprang to the cabinet, where she was kissed and otherwise caressed by that Angel-mother, and the little thing came back to her seat, with her eyes full of tears, and her heart too full to speak for some time. Truly a most beautiful and touching sight.

Then came a young girl, who was strongly mediumistic here, who passed away from Somerville about six months ago. She has materialized, here and elsewhere, several times, and always with great power. She was robed in white, of fine and beautiful texture, with a profusion of delicate lace, a crimson scarf thrown gracefully over her shoulders—all profusely decorated with a white substance, resembling highly polished pearl. She wore a coronet, of the same beautiful, pure material. She indicated she desired us to move back and give her more room, which we did, and taking my husband by the hand, she walked out fifteen feet from the cabinet, turned, addressed and touched her parents, returned to the cabinet for strength, soon coming out, she took his hand again, walking up close to them, knelt before them, and as they bent forward, she kissed each, putting their faces and heads, speaking words of comfort and affection; when she arose, took my husband's hand, and entering the cabinet, raised the curtain, so that all saw the Medium, and herself at the same time; which was done several times, during the seance. She soon re-appeared, with lace in her hands, which she placed in considerable quantities, on my husband's head;

drawing it out and increasing it as she desired. It was adorned the same as all she had about her, and when I touched it, I could distinguish no difference in it to soft, fine lace.

Another Spirit performed the same kind act to him, but the fabric was quite unlike, being of a coarser quality and less soft.

The light throughout would have been considered very good, by persons accustomed to sitting for materializations. The night was wet and rainy, and of course the atmosphere was bad.

I have only given some of the most interesting features of this remarkable seance, having the consciousness of very faintly and imperfectly describing it; and so I rest upon the conviction that nothing short of actual sight is sufficient to do justice to these heavenly visitations.

MRS. J. C. HUNT.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.  
THROUGH DR. W. L. JACK, HAVERHILL, MS.  
INVOCATION.

OH, living Flame of Fire! whose divine light sheds forth its rays through all the universe, and to whom we all bow in adoration of that Supreme Principle by which all souls must be illuminated, so that they may become fit subjects to worship in thy temple! Oh, Pyramid of Immense Splendor! let the finite worship the infinite, and let the adorer worship the most adorable of thy vital sparks. Oh, shed the shafts of thy holy light from thy grand columns of illuminated truths into the chambers of every finite soul, and kindle a flame of holy love in every darkened chamber of the soul.

We invoke thee for the sake of that grand Pyramid of Fire of Love which illumines the path of the future, of those sparks that fly upward to the living Flame of Fire, which is the Sun of All Light. Oh, blessed holy Fire! Oh, blessed holy Fire!

HELEN.

I WISH this to reach my dear mother, and not her alone, but my sisters and brothers. You see, they accept of this philosophy, and in accepting it they receive not only comfort, but strength; and this is an extra inducement held out to us by them, to come and reach them. I promised mother, long ago, in a previous communication, that I would come again. My experience in Spiritual life has taught me much of this life in its Spiritual aspect. But what I wish to say is this, dear mother and all at home, that I am interested in your earthly welfare, and in all your doings. I wish my brother out in the West to

know that I am watching over him, and am doing all I possibly can for his further and better prosperity. I would have him know that we still love him, and do visit him, attended by other bright and angelic visitants. I am so glad he is the possessor of these glorious facts, for it makes him possessor of vast mines and inexhaustible stores of infinite peace and rest in the coming days. And then, dear mother, it brings us nearer, you know, to you, than ever before, from the fact that it enables us to do so.

Oh, we have such a beautiful home for you all, when you come this way, where you will be free from all cares, sorrows and troubles, and be forever with those you love. Sister Tenie, too, will greet you, and you will then realize that all is peace and truth.

You see, my mother lives in Bradford, Mass. I passed away when I was quite young, and my name is Helen.

MARY EMMA WILLINGS.

[To the amanuensis.] Good evening. Why, there is no death. It is life. Were it not so, then all would be darkness, would it not, sir? But you see there is so much light in the future that the present becomes an ever-living presence with the future. And with this light before us, why should it be dark in the present.

Albert, I would have you know that the light you saw at home was not imagination. It was I, your own wife, Lottie, who was endeavoring to comply with the request you made a short time since, that I should manifest to you. But our little Mamie became frightened, so I withdrew. But I shall come again, when she becomes stronger. Continue your Circles: you will be blessed and benefitted.

To my husband, Albert, and my child, Mamie.

MARY EMMA WILLINGS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON KENNEDY.

WELL, just put down a few words, and to the purpose. I fell from the building to the pavement below; but I arose to the height of my ambition in earth-life—wakened up to my senses after a while, and found that I had lost my body to find my Spirit. And I freely give my testimony to the world, and hope they'll accept it as a light from a good Spirit, with best wishes for all.

GEORGE WASHINGTON KENNEDY.

GUS. NOYES.

JUST put a word or two down for me. You see, I've got relatives and friends that I would like to reach, and let them know I am around, and not dead. I manifested



